

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY D. D. FISKE, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.—No. 4.]

CONCORD, N. H. FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1835.

[WHOLE No. 30.]

SELECTIONS.

THE CITY GENTLEMAN AND COUNTRY GIRL.

"His home is there
In the sweet cottage of content, where clings
Heart unto heart, and both beat tenderly."

Has it not frequently happened in your time, courteous reader, that a face you have been long accustomed to see daily has suddenly disappeared—and absence had led to the impression that he was dead; gone to the West Indies, and caught by the yellow fever; killed by the Indians near the Rocky Mountains, or eaten by the cannibals at the Feejee Islands? However, gone he was, disappeared, vanished; and the reasonable conclusion was, that he had "gone the way of all flesh." Has it not also occurred, that with this impression you have come upon such a personage suddenly in the streets, and found him alive—in jocund health and spirits; and even Time, with his mellow hand, had made no wrinkles on his brow? He had been for some years the very supreme of the bonton—the mirror of fashion—the life of the drawing-room and convivial board—the dashing blade of the lobby—the first fellow at brag—at a race—a rowing-match—or a cock-fight: a rare good fellow, who loved life—had a small fortune, and lived as if that fortune was getting into a galloping consumption.

"Why, Bill, is it you—alive? why, my dear fellow, we all thought you dead some years ago: give me your hand; ay, it is substantial flesh and blood: you have not 'slept the dreamless sleep?'"

"No, no, my dear friend; I slept long enough, and am now wide awake—an altered man; look at me: would you have recognised Bill Trifle, in this pepper and salt coat; this plain jacket, and fustian pantaloons? I am married—have long cut fashion and folly—have a dear good wife, and three children—go to bed at ten, and rise at dawn, with a clear head, a sound heart, and nerves braced by labour and exercise: I am a farmer; live within a few miles of the city—sell eggs and poultry. There's a change, my boy, in the 'course of human events;' the dashing Bill Trifle, who used to sport a tandem down Broadway, or drive to the Union course with 'a terrier between my legs!'"

He looked fresh and healthy, and had lost that cadaverous and sickly appearance which always follows nights of dissipation.

"But tell me; how did all this happen? 'tis a conversion miraculous; how came you to run away from the world, and play the jilt to fashion?"

"Oh, 'tis a long story; but here comes my little wagon from Fulton market—jump in and ride to my cottage and take tea; 'tis but half an hour's ride, and you shall know all; but stop, let me see if I can recognise some of my old companions of the *pavé*."

It was one, and the only one bright sunny day of last week, when the whole fashionable world had thrown aside the muff and tippet, and gone abroad to welcome the return of spring with verdure on its brow and primroses in its hand. We were leaning against the iron railing of St. Paul's, and the gay throng were passing in rapid, and careless, and countless currents.

"As I live, my old flame, Miss Merrygold! she who could out talk and out dance all creation—the brightest jewel in the cap of fashion! but oh how altered; sunken eyes, pale complexion, slender form, wrinkled brow, premature old age—she has lived too quick."

The lady cast a cold and vacant gaze upon him, and passed on.

"Who is that fellow in specs, buttoned up in his great coat? he with gray hair, a shuffling gait, and an air of fashionable decrepitude? Why, it is my old friend and associate, Doctor Snufflebags. Many a game of whist, and many a glass of champagne have we cracked together. He is gone, too, in the 'yellow leaf'—coming down the ladder as quick as possible."

He thus ran on for some time—recognising some, gazing with strange fancy on others, and at length said, "Come, let's be off—they don't remember me. I look too florid, too healthy, too well, to be recognised as the old rake who, on fashionable principles, ought to have run his race half a dozen years ago."

We rode to the cottage, and alighted at the whitewashed gate. The grounds were neatly laid out and planted with vegetables—a sheep or two were browsing on a rising ground—the cows were waiting for admission into the barn, and the watch-dog barked his welcome as we entered a plainly-furnished room, where every thing was useful, nothing superfluous—where a cheerful smile and a kind salutation were extended to us by the fair wife, in whose beautiful and modest face was blended all that was sweet and amiable, courteous and polite. Did you ever take tea in the country? How unlike everything in town. Butter just churned—cream just skimmed from broad zinck pans—bread of the purest flour, freshly baked—eggs brought from the nest by the little rosy-cheeked country girl in attendance—*Café à la Mocha*—smoked shad of their own curing—preserved peaches and quinces from their own garden. A hearty welcome, and a keen appetite, give to such a meal far greater attractions than the sumptuous and luxurious board spread by fashion for the gratification of folly.

After tea, seated on the piazza, with a bottle of sparkling cider before us, he begun thus—"You thought me dead—I was so—dead to every consideration and reflection which makes life desirable and on the high road to ruin—my fortune almost gone, and my health seriously impaired—gunning, you may remember, was my favourite sport—one day I walked over bog and fen, and waded through fog and quag-

mire, in search of game, until the shades of night encompassed me. I felt jaded and fatigued as a light gleamed from the ivy-encircled casements of this very cottage, and resting on my gun, with my pointer-dogs crouched at my feet, I gazed with intense interest at the scene before me. At one end of the table placed near a cheerful fire, sat an old man, whom I at once recognised as a veteran of our revolutionary war—at the other end his daughter was seated, reading to him from a bible, by the broad light of an astral lamp. I never saw a creature more beautiful—her face beamed with piety and intelligence—her long eye-lashes were pensively closed, and when she read from the sacred book before her, her coral lips parting over teeth of pearl, and her voice sweet as balsam to the soul, rivetted me to the spot with rapture and delight. 'I must have her,' said I—'she shall be mine—such a girl should not be permitted to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air'—I'll carry her off, take her to the city, and conceal her at one of my old haunts—the bucks and bloods of the town will envy me.' She continued to read to the old man the sublime passages from the book of Isaiah—her voice was loud and sweet, and her face beamed with fire and animation. 'Hold, hold,' said I to myself, 'let us talk this matter over; what will become of her old father? what will the old soldier do when I have carried off his child? he who has shed his blood for the very liberty which I am enjoying. No matter: yet I cannot marry her—nor can I give her up.' At that moment she raised her head, threw aside the raven locks which covered her high arched forehead, and cast a glance toward the casement. How like a dog I looked—how like a demon I felt. 'I cannot marry her she is a country girl, and I am a gentleman; the fashionable world will only laugh at me. A gentleman, a gentleman,' I repeated to myself—'for shame, for shame; is it the province of a gentleman to steal, like a serpent, at night under the casement of this cottage—to twine around this innocent girl until her destruction is complete—to bring her aged father to the grave in misery, venting curses on us both—to blast and destroy all the happiness I see around me? If this is the act of a gentleman, of a man of fashion, I am not one: no, thank heaven, I am not so utterly lost to reason and to virtue; no, I will marry her; the rose of health and beauty, and not of guilt, shall bloom upon her face. Let the world scoff—let fools deride—let fashion frown—let proud ancestry discard—she shall be my wife, my honest, wedded wife.' Well, sir, you have seen her; it is needless to recount how I wooed and won her, honourably, faithfully, and how sincerely and truly happy I have been ever since. I seldom visit the city, because I have more powerful attractions at home; I read and labour alternately, and realize the delight of a well governed, well regulated marriage."

What a lesson for all fashionable fops and decayed rakes! how full of instruction and example—what an escape from a precipice—what a change from the prospect of an early and unhonoured grave, to all the realities and blessings of a well-spent life!

One moral—one strong, persuasive, convincing fact, arises from this story: the necessity, the advantages of pausing, reflecting, and considering the effect of any sudden determination before we take it. Let us commune with ourselves—look into our own hearts—contrast a vicious with a virtuous act, and we shall realize the blessings of a just and righteous decision, as was the triumphant case above referred to.

New York Mirror.

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas; whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment that it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamplighters never pass him, without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet full-length, in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit of precisely mud colour. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighbouring horse-pond; true, he received a shower-bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat, was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lily." "Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning against some newly-painted window-blinds.

His man, Cesar, declares that he "can't see de use ob brack a boot when he neber stay bracked;" and his washerwoman, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but, as she declared with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I washed Mr Smith's clothes, what *could* I tell them?" But there were very few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed, than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning, I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone. "But it must be done, and so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "any thing within

the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will *promise* any thing in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to perform."

"If double your price would be any object—"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it; certainly, I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?" and he spread before me some half dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now what in the name of all that is wonderful, does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will never know you. But you cannot support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney-sweep, now; but that would have been *too* natural. Tell me truly, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redoent of macassar, "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

Now it so happened that, of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?

"Pray, Where are you going this evening," I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? no where, in particular. I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr Murray; no harm in that, I hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me.

"Your old friend, Mr Murray; and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night."

"Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know any thing about it."

"And so you were there last night, too! Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything. I called last evening to see Murray on some business, about the real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa-constrictor—my beard was three days old, my collar ditto—and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and some how or other I forgot all about the real estate."

"And so you are going again to-night—and this is the secret of your new coat?"

"By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favourite—that is—I mean blue—"

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her favourite colour, is it?"

"The fact is, Frank,—take another glass of this wine—the fact is—good wine, is't it? been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I *am* a little in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank—a queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia, short and chubby, is't she—with red hair, and a little squint-eyed?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but, if you don't stop that nonsense I will."

"Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love. Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will call and learn your success. So, good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it! she did not recognise me."

"Not recognise you!"

"No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia, as Mr Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it, the little witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clear enough, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said, he pressed like a barbarian—just think of that Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference to a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes."

The last time I saw Tom he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots. *New York Mirror.*

WEDDING STORY.

In the Palatinate of Germany, there lived a fine young fellow, and only son of a rich nobleman. He paid his addresses to an only daughter of a gentleman quite as rich as his father. In every particular, the young couple seemed a suitable match. When all due arrangements were adjusted between the parties, the young nobleman politely addressed the damsel's father, and requested his daughter in marriage. The old gentleman instantly refused, to the no small chagrin of the young man.

"But why this denial? What can induce you to withhold your daughter!" says the young fellow. "I am resolved" said the father, "never to marry my daughter to any man whatever who has no trade." "My fortune is sufficient to support your daughter and myself, and if that is not sufficient, surely your daughter's patrimony will amply supply the lack," replied the suitor. "Our country is liable to

be overrun with war," replied the nobleman, "and property is very insecure. I cannot give my daughter to any but a mechanic." "How long," said the young man, "will you retain your daughter for me to learn a trade?" As long as you please," replied the father. The young man apprenticed himself immediately to a basket maker, and in six months returned with perfect specimens of his skill. The nuptials were celebrated. But now is the sageness of the old man's advice seen. A short season only elapsed when war devastated the country, the property of both families failed, and the young man supported in style both his own and father-in-law's family by his basket making.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

By N. P. Willis.

Almost giddy with the many pleasures and occupations of London, I had outstayed the last fashionable lingerer; and, on appearing again, after a fortnight's confinement with the epidemick of the season, I found myself almost without an acquaintance, and was driven to follow the world. A preponderance of letters and friends determined my route toward Scotland.

One realizes the immensity of London when he is compelled to measure its length on a single errand. I took a cab at my lodgings at nine in the evening, and drove six miles through one succession of crowded and blazing streets to the East India Docks, and with the single misfortune of being robbed on the way of a valuable cloak, secured a berth in the *Monarch* steamer, bound presently for Edinburgh.

I found the drawing-room cabin quite crowded, cold supper on the two long tables, everybody very busy with knife and fork, and whiskey and water and broad Scotch circulating merrily. All the world seemed acquainted, and each man talked to his neighbor, and it was as unlike a ship's company of dumb English as could easily be conceived. I had dined too late to attack the solids, but imitating my neighbor's potation of whiskey and hot water, I crowded in between two good-humoured Scotchmen, and took the happy color of the spirits of the company. A small centre table was occupied by a party who afforded considerable amusement. An excessively fat old woman, with a tall scraggy daughter and a stubby little old fellow, whom they called "pa;" and a singular man, a Major Somebody, who seemed showing them up, composed the quartette. Noisier women I never saw, nor more hideous. They bullied the waiter, were facetious with the steward, and talked down all the united buzz of the cabin. Opposite me sat a pale, severe-looking Scotchman, who had addressed one or two remarks to me; and, upon an uncommon burst of uproariousness, he laughed with the rest, and remarked that the ladies were excusable, for they were doubtless Americans, and knew no better.

"It strikes me," said I, that both in manners and accent they are particularly Scotch."

"Sir!" said the pale gentleman.

"Sir!" said several of my neighbors on the right and left.

I repeated the remark.

"Have you ever been in Scotland?" asked the pale gentleman, with rather a ferocious air.

"No, sir! Have you ever been in America?"

"No, sir! but I have read Mrs. Trollope."

"And I have read Cyril Thornton: and the manners delineated in Mrs. Trollope, I must say, are rather elegant in comparison."

I particularized the descriptions I alluded to, which will occur immediately to those who have read the novel I have named; and then confessing I was an American, and withdrawing my illiberal remark, which I had only made to show the gentleman the injustice and absurdity of his own, we called for another tuss of whiskey, and became very good friends. Heaven knows I have no prejudice against the Scotch, or any other nation—but it is extraordinary how universal the feeling seems to be against America. A half hour incog. in any mixed company in England I should think would satisfy the most rose-colored doubter on the subject.

We got under way at eleven o'clock, and the passengers turned in. The next morning was Sunday. It was fortunately of a "Sabbath stillness;" and the open sea through which we were driving, with an easy south wind in our favor, graciously permitted us to do honor to as substantial a breakfast as ever was set before a traveller, even in America. (Why we should be ridiculed for our breakfasts I do not know.)

The "*Monarch*" is a superb boat, and, with the aid of sails and the wind right aft, we made twelve miles in the hour easily. I was pleased to see an observance of the Sabbath which had not crossed my path before in three years' travel. Half the passengers at least took their bibles after breakfast, and devoted an hour or two evidently to grave religious reading and reflection. With this exception, I have not seen a person with the Bible in his hand, in travelling over half the world.

The weather continued fine, and smooth water tempted us up to breakfast again on Monday. The wash-room was full of half-clad men, but the week-day manners of the passengers were perceptibly gayer. The captain honored us by taking the head of the table, which he had not done on the day previous, and his appearance was hailed by three general cheers. When the meats were removed, a gentleman rose, and, after a very long parliamentary speech, proposed the health of the captain. The company stood up, ladies and all, and it was drank with a tremendous "hip-hip-hurrah," in bumpers of whiskey. They don't do that on the Mississippi, I reckon. If they did, the travellers would be down upon us, "I guess," out-Hamiltoning Hamilton.

We rounded St. Abb's head into the Forth, at five, in the afternoon, and soon dropped an-

chor off Leith. The view of Edinburgh, from the water, is, I think, second only to that of Constantinople. The singular resemblance, in one or two features, to the view of Athens, as you approach from the Piræus, seems to have struck other eyes than mine, and an imitation Acropolis is commenced on the Calton-hill, and has already, in its half-finished state, much the effect of the Parthenon. Hymettus is rather loftier than the Pentland-hills, and Pentelicus farther off and grander than Arthur's seat, but the old castle of Edinburgh is a noble and peculiar feature of its own, and soars up against the sky, with its pinnacle-placed turrets, superbly magnificent. The Forth has a high shore on either side, and, with the island of Inchkeith in its broad bosom, it looks more like a lake than an arm of the sea.

It is odd what strange links of acquaintance will develop between people thrown together in the most casual manner, and in the most out-of-the-way places. I have never entered a steamboat in my life without finding, if not an acquaintance, some one who should have been an acquaintance, from mutual knowledge of friends. I thought, through the first day, that the *Monarch* would be an exception. On the second morning, however, a gentleman came up and called me by name. He was an American, and had seen me in Boston. Soon after, another gentleman addressed some remark to me, and, in a few minutes, we discovered that we were members of the same club in London, and bound to the same hospitable roof in Scotland. We went on, talking together, and I happened to mention having lately been in Greece, when one of a large party of ladies, overhearing the remark, turned, and asked me, if I had met Lady — in my travels. I had met her at Athens, and this was her sister. I found I had many interesting particulars of the delightful person in question which were new to them, and, *sequitur*, a friendship struck up immediately between me and a party of six. You would have never dreamed, to have seen the adieux on the landing, that we had been unaware of each other's existence forty-four hours previous.

Leith is a mile or more from the town, and we drove into the new side of Edinburgh—a splendid city of stone—and, with my English friend, I was soon installed in a comfortable parlor at Douglas's—an hotel to which the Tremont, in Boston, is the only parallel. It is built of the same stone and is smaller, but it has a better situation than the Tremont, standing in a magnificent square, with a column and statue to Lord Melville in the centre, and a perspective of a noble street stretching through the city from the opposite side.

We dined upon *grouse*, to begin Scotland fairly, and nailed down our sherry with a tuss o' Glenlivet, and then we had still an hour of daylight for a ramble.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.—Coleridge.

DISEASES OF THE TEETH.

Original.

As it is acknowledged by physiologists, that the teeth are organized bodies, and connected with the organization of the whole system, they must be liable to diseases, and these diseases are caused, to a very great extent, by our own improper habits of living.

Hot and cold drinks in succession, stimulating food and drinks, acids of various kinds, and every thing that diseases the stomach, change the state of the saliva, or fluid of the mouth, and the teeth suffer in consequence.

We frequently see individuals, who are not more than fourteen, or sixteen years of age, with scarcely a sound tooth; they begin to decay as soon as they appear through the gum, which proves that the diseases of the teeth are hereditary, and confirms the belief that our children may suffer from our improprieties by diseased teeth, as well as other diseases of the human system.

The teeth are subject to a variety of diseases among civilized nations; the most destructive of which are gangrene, or caries and tartar.

Caries commences by a small spot of a dark brown or black color, which continues to enlarge until the nerve is exposed, when comes the vexing tooth ache, and away we hasten to the dentist or surgeon to have that useful organ extracted, which was doubtless designed to remain in our mouths as long as life exists.

This disease may be cured, if judiciously managed, by removing the decayed part, and supplying its place with some metallic substance.

The *tartar* or scurf, which so many carry in their mouths, is a very great source of filth and irritation to the gums and teeth. This substance insinuates itself between the gum and tooth, which crowds out the gum, makes it inflamed, red and spongy; it then acts upon the bone, and finally the tooth becomes loose and drops out.

When the disgusting effects of this accumulation are considered, we should think it hardly necessary to use any argument to persuade persons to obviate so great a nuisance, even in their own mouths; but if some are so debased and indolent as to neglect their own comfort and cleanliness at the expense of a little trouble and care, they certainly have no right to shock the senses of others, who possess more delicacy and propriety of feeling, than themselves. Yet, thus it is, that the sight and smell of offensive teeth are outrages constantly inflicted by individuals, who seem to protrude their faces closer in proportion to the disgust occasioned by their contaminating breath. The accumulation of tartar might be obviated in a great measure, by the daily use of a soft brush, and probably would, if it were not so generally believed by a certain class, and even physicians, that brushes injure the teeth. Can there be any thing more absurd, than to suppose a soft brush used twice a day would injure those organs?

The best time to use the brush, is the last thing before retiring, and the first in the

morning, and use a tooth pick after eating always, made of horn, shell, or quill, as all metallic ones injure the enamel.

The general health is very much influenced by the state of the teeth. Many who are predisposed to diseases of the stomach and lungs, have them excited by an unhealthy state of the teeth.

"We respire about 20,000 times in twenty-four hours," says Dr Fitch, "and yet for months and years this vast quantity of air is rendered impure by one or more decayed teeth. How little will it avail an individual, if all possible means are taken to purify the air; if no impurities are suffered to remain in the streets; if his tenements are kept clean, his apartments are ventilated; if he makes distant journeys at a great expense of time and money for the benefit of pure air, while at the same time he carries the very *cloaca* of filth in his own mouth." I would recommend those individuals who are in the habit of taking snuff, chewing or smoking tobacco, to change the contents of their snuff and tobacco boxes, and as a substitute to that nauseous and poisonous plant, use some proper tooth powder, as prepared chalk, or charcoal, which will keep the teeth clean, the mouth sweet, and produce a healthy condition of the gums and teeth; while at the same time, abandoning the use of that loathsome plant, they will enjoy a more uniform and better state of health.

If individuals could but understand the pernicious effects of the use of snuff on the vocal organs, and the disgust produced by using their noses for dust pans; and smokers and chewers, the injury done their nervous systems by converting their mouths into distilleries, which by the way, is a process very much like that of procuring the oil of tobacco; they would at once abandon the use of that very poisonous plant.

T. H.

VALUABLE LITERARY RELIC.

The following letter from the celebrated Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, to Dr. Abercrombie, intended for a then forthcoming edition of Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson, but which, owing to the death of Boswell before it reached its destination, never appeared in that work, was published a few weeks since in the Philadelphia Gazette. It is abundantly worthy of perusal and preservation.

Dr. Benj. Rush to Dr. Abercrombie.

Dear Sir.—During my residence in London in the winter of 1760, I was introduced by our worthy countryman, Mr. West, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who favored me a few days afterwards with a card to dinner at his table; I met a group of authors, among whom was the celebrated Dr. Johnson. The day to me, one of the most memorable I passed while abroad, on account of the singular display which I witnessed, both of talent, and of knowledge. Dr. Johnson came late into company. Upon his entering the room, he found Sir Joshua consoling one of his guests under the pain he felt from having been handled very severely by the

Reviewers. "Don't mind them," said Johnson to the unfortunate author "where's the advantage of having a great deal of money, but that the loss of a little will not hurt you? and where the advantage of having a great deal of reputation, but that the loss of a little will not hurt you?"

At dinner I sat between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith. The former took the lead in conversation. He instructed upon all subjects. One of them was drunkenness, upon which he discovered much of that original energy of thought, and expression which was so peculiar to him.

After the cloth was removed Dr. Goldsmith addressed several questions to me respecting the manners and customs of the North American savages, which Dr. Johnson at last interrupted by saying—"I am surprised, Goldsmith, that you can ask the young man so many frivolous questions. I am sure none but a savage would think of plaguing him so." "I am sure Doctor," replied Goldsmith, "that none but a savage would interrupt a man so abruptly in his conversation."

"The anemone maritima was named by one of the company, about which naturalists have disagreed whether it belonged to the animal or the vegetable kingdom. "It is an animal," said Johnson, for its ashes have been analyzed, and they yield a volatile alkali." I was much struck with this remark, for I did not expect to hear a man, whose studies appeared from his writings to have been confined to moral and philological subjects, decide so confidently upon a subject in Natural History and Chemistry. The Dr. delivered the prevailing opinion of the day upon that controversy; but some late experiments have proved that it was erroneous; for several plants have been found to yield a volatile instead of a fixt alkali.

He was then drawn into a dispute with Mr. E. W. about the riot in St. George's Field, and the well-known steps which were taken by Government in very harsh terms, and said that the Colonel of the Guards had declared that he could have suppressed the riot without firing a gun, or killing a man. "That may be," said Dr. Johnson, "some men have a knack in quelling riots which others have not, just as you, sir, have a knack in defending them which I have not."

I regret that I cannot gratify you by detailing the whole of the Dr's conversation during the course of the day. I should not have ventured after the lapse of five and twenty years, to have given you the above from my memory, had they not been impressed upon it by my having occasionally related them since among my friends.

I concur with you in your partiality to the genius and writings of Dr. Johnson, and after making some deductions from his character on account of his ecclesiastical and political bigotry, I am disposed to consider the single weight of his massy understanding in the scale of Christianity as an overbalance to all the infidelity of the age in which he lived. With great respect, I am, dear sir,

Your sincere friend,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

April 22, 1798.

EDUCATION.

By education is not meant to be understood any particular plan or mode of training the human intellect, but that general system which embraces a knowledge of the various departments of human affairs, and which is at once, the foundation of order and harmony in society. Such a diffusion of intelligence among the people as shall conduce to a love of virtue and hatred of vice;—such a degree of moral information as shall produce the strongest tendency towards pious feeling and liberality of sentiment;—such a love of honor and integrity as to make truth the only standard of character, and such a reverence of Deity as shall render immorality unknown.

The importance of education will, perhaps, be best understood, by considering its advantages in prompting individual happiness. A thorough knowledge of what is significantly called the "world," is very essential to the prosecution of any plans for future happiness, and can be learned only by experience; but when acquired, forms no small part of our distinctive character. Nothing can be of greater service in forming an estimate of the claims of distinguished individuals to public approbation—of their merits as to rank in society, and of the value to be placed on their friendship. By an artless and credulous confidence in the many inventions that are brought about to secure favorable notice and pecuniary advantage, we are liable to become the dupes of fraudulent design. An insight into the nature of men and things, will enable us, by proper precautionary measures, to secure ourselves against such imposition, and to enjoy unmolested, the happiness arising from the consciousness of having bestowed confidence on none unworthy of regard, and on none whom the trials of adversity can estrange. This knowledge is, however, rather the result of an union of theory and practice, and cannot be expected on first entering upon the active duties of life.

Among the many sources of individual happiness may be reckoned sufficient knowledge to enable us to enjoy the works of Divine Providence. To look over the face of nature, and view the creations of God as designed for the special benefit of his creatures, gives to the mind conceptions of infinite wisdom far more elevated than can possibly result from any other consideration. It raises within us feelings of the purest gratitude towards that Being who has condescended to regard with compassion the profligate and guilty race of mortals inhabiting his dominions and partaking his bounty, and inspires us with the most sublime ideas of his omnipotent power, and the grandeur and immensity of his works. There is not in this vast universe an object so minute, and to mortal vision so trifling, as not to far surpass in its fitness and adaptation the utmost skill of human wisdom, and to defy all comparison with the ingenuity of man. An individual growing up without the necessary mental culture is deprived of the enjoyment emanating from this source, and can form but very indistinct conceptions of the exquisite satisfaction derived from the contemplation of nature and

nature's God. By a perversion of the means which his Maker hath given him, he is fitted only to live on amid the degraded pleasures of sensual gratification in ignorance and stupidity, without a single idea of the real purposes of his being. Man, destitute of education, is but a mere blank in society, occupying space without the means of accomplishing any thing for the benefit of himself or for others, is an object of commiseration, with the gloomy prospect before him of dragging out his existence wholly regardless of his responsibilities in this life, and in neglect and contempt of the concerns of futurity. Where is the man of cultivated mind, of enlarged and liberal views, who would exchange his condition for one so degraded? The very thought of his intellectual pleasures forbids entirely any advances towards such a step, and makes him cling with a still stronger grasp to that which enables him to despise the grovelling vanities of time and sense, and which raises him to the contemplation of the light of eternal truth.

If the happiness of individuals depends so much upon their education, it may be profitable to consider its effects on communities. Take a short survey of some of the nations of Europe, where education has been but partially attended to, and what is more prominent in their national character, than the rude and disorderly state of society! Social regulations are not known, and vice of every shade and degree pervades the land. No security can be had when the restraints of law and religion are set at defiance with impunity, and when licentiousness and ferocity are suffered to go unpunished. There is not a more striking illustration of the importance of some system of general education than is found in the history of Scotland. "The influence of the school establishment on the peasantry of that country," says Dr. Currie, "seems to have decided a question of legislation of the utmost importance,—whether a system of national instruction for the poor be favourable to morals and good government. In the year 1698, there were in Scotland two hundred thousand people begging from door to door, and though this number was greatly increased in consequence of the prevailing famine, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds who have lived without any regard or subjection to the laws of the land, or even to those of God and nature." This high minded statesman thought the evil so great, that he proposed the revival of domestic slavery according to the practice of his adored republics in the classic ages. A better remedy was found, which in the silent lapse of a century proved effectual. The statute of 1696, that noble legacy of the Scottish parliament to their country began soon after to operate, and happily as the minds of the poor received instruction, the union opened new channels of industry and new fields of action to their view. At the present day, perhaps there is no country in Europe where so few persons fall under the chastisement of the criminal law, as in Scotland. The same noble results have been obtained, though to a more limited extent, in other countries where the same class of people has enjoyed opportunities of instruction.

A degree of superiority of intellect, of morals and happiness, will be found to prevail, in proportion to the means of education, without which the lower classes will remain in a state of ignorance and degradation.

There is no country where knowledge has been so universally diffused throughout all ranks and conditions of the people, as in our own; and no country has ever enjoyed so great a degree of happiness and prosperity, according to the amount of population. By the liberal spirit of our government, a way is opened by which an individual of the lowest origin may rise triumphant over all the aristocratic grades of preferment, until he shall arrive at the possession of the highest honours which his country can bestow. Merit forms the only distinction among men, and in a representative government where the will of the people is the law, the claims of true desert, when justly founded, will not be suffered to go unrewarded. Whatever may be the fate of our civil organization, whether we are destined to fall a prey to discord, anarchy and revolution, it is morally certain that we shall never, in the present enlightened state of the people, become the servile worshipper of monarchs and kings. The first object of every friend of his country should be to co-operate in all measures having a direct tendency towards the preservation of the Union. How important is it then, that knowledge, which is the source of all power, should become universal—that literary institutions should be reared up in every part of our land—that their influence should extend to every individual in the community; and as the rising generations grow up, let it be the pride of every father to make his son capable of assisting in the direction of the general affairs of State and nation, and may every son thus educated, glory to leave the world in the full prospect of the perpetuation of the liberties of his country to latest posterity. It is certain that much is now depending upon the youth of this country, and if they be rightly educated, they will not fail to become men worthy of the high destinies which may be expected to fall to the lot of future generations. Virtue is in its nature progressive, and as crime, and consequently the necessity for punishment shall be done away, the standard of morality will be raised, and society will assume that perfect character which the original dignity of man was calculated to sustain.

The mind of an intelligent and virtuous person is always active. Whatever may be the lot of such an individual in society, whether able to indulge in the luxuries of opulence and splendor, or humbled by misfortune and compelled to toil with his might to secure his sustenance, nothing can impede the operations of a sound, healthy, and well cultivated intellect. These operations however may be greatly increased, by proper care and attention to the corporeal system, an advantage of no small importance to those concerned in literary pursuits. While in active business man maintains a vigorous state of body and consequently of mind; the sedentary often languishes into inactivity, depriving himself and the world of the benefit of labors which might otherwise have been accomplished. To a well informed mind it is a source

of delight to have opportunities of disburthening itself of some portion of its knowledge constantly accumulating, and to be able to contribute for the information of others who may not have been so highly favoured, thus throwing into the common stock of intelligence in society what might be unavailable, unless thus improved, of any positive good. The highest reward of the philanthropist is the satisfaction he derives from the consciousness that he has, and can have no other motive of action than the happiness of his fellow-creatures. He is not labouring for the praises of men, nor from the ordinary motives of interest and ambition, but sincere in his pretensions, and firm in his purposes, he goes forward cheered with the thought that he may be the means of alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted, and that others may be encouraged by his example, to engage in works so noble and so disinterested.

It no longer remains a question of duty whether we can fold our hands in indolence and sloth, if we have the means of practical benevolence within our power. A single glance by the most common observer will at once discover objects of sympathy and charity sufficient to excite the feelings of the humane, and to invigorate the energies of those disposed to benevolent operations to the most active exercise in the cause of distressed humanity. Whoever will contemplate for a short period the immense field that lies open and uncultivated, will soon be convinced of the want of efficient laborers in the work of philanthropy, and by taking a still more extended view, will in some measure anticipate the results of their labours in the amelioration of the condition of a large portion of the human race who are now groaning under the oppression of tyranny, despotism, and the still greater evils of ignorance, superstition and heathenish idolatry. This part of mankind has always attracted the attention and claimed the sympathies of the wise and good, and great efforts have been made in their behalf by those nations enjoying the blessings of civilization, peace and prosperity, by using important means of disseminating knowledge, and by various other instruction, as they were able to appreciate its value: still there is almost a boundless extent of territory and population on the globe, over which the radiant beams of light and liberty have never yet diffused their effulgence, and where the gifts of nature have been lavished in the greatest profusion. From what has been done, there is great reason for the hope that much more will be done towards civilizing and christianizing the dark and benighted portions of the world, that at some future period the obstacles to the march of improvement will be overcome, and that knowledge and liberty shall become co-extensive with the earth.

In looking abroad at the state of society in various countries, their government, laws and religion by examining their history, and by contrasting their present with their former condition, it will be seen that empires and kingdoms have sprung into existence, have flourished, and then, overturned and broken up: that society has degenerated from the highest state of refinement and morality, to

the lowest depths of degradation and vice; that man has fallen from the loftiest monarch to the veriest serf; that the slave has thrown off his shackles and risen to eminence and power; that old and long established institutions have given place to others of entirely different character, reversing the very order of things. Historians seem to have vied with each other, in delineating the character of mighty individuals, the results of their unbounded thirst for power, and the effects of tyranny exercised over their subjects. The rigor of the governments hardened the minds of the kings and nobles, the yoke of vassalage debased the spirit of the people, the generous sentiments inspired by a sense of equality were extinguished, and there was little check to ferocity and violence. This deplorable state of things prevailed to a greater extent during the Feudal System from the seventh to the eleventh centuries, and the first step towards improvement was effected by the Crusades or Holy Wars. After these, the introduction of standing armies by which the power of the barons was humbled, the people released from feudal bondage, and the authority of the kings restored. With the revival of learning came also improvement in laws and religion, refinement of manners, and still later, in some countries, general education, which forms the only solid basis of substantial national character. More enlightened systems of government have long since gone into operation in different parts of the world, and as a natural and certain consequence, the result has been a greater degree of happiness and prosperity among the people. Religion has been disrobed of her superstition, and where liberty of conscience has been suffered, the growth of morality has been progressive, and the utility of education become further visible in the abolition of crime, and a unanimity and harmony of action in the public councils. The genius of a republican government seems better adapted for the prosperity of benevolent institutions than any other, when the people are sufficiently enlightened to admit of its adoption. The very nature of despotism requires that the people should be kept in ignorance, and that great veneration should be had for received opinions, whatever may be their true import as to individual aggrandizement, or the evil tendency of their promulgation. It is very evident that when the mass of the people come to know the strength of their might, and unite in the defence of their natural rights, all institutions having for their object the concentration of power into the hands of a few, to oppress the great body of the community, must soon be overturned, and that an enlightened people alone can rightly exercise the power of controlling themselves. But even then, they must possess sufficient knowledge and energy to enable them to rise superior to all obstacles that may spring up from unforeseen emergencies, and to improve in the science of self-government by past experience, until, ultimately, the adaption and fitness of their system shall become complete.

It would appear, then, that if the people are enlightened, they are in possession of the very source of all power, and that this possession

can be acquired only by a well organized system of national education. The early republics of Greece and Rome were distinguished not only for their orators, poets and philosophers, but for the intelligent character of their common people; for the information of all classes on matters of general interest to the whole, and for their peaceful and orderly deportment, resembling one vast family, united and bound together by the strongest moral obligation.

In modern times we see that improvements have been made not only in the forms of civil government, but in all the relations of social life. Refinement in manners and morals exercises a powerful influence in softening the violent passions of human nature, and gives a more rational enjoyment to all the various intercourses of society.

Individual efforts are often too lightly considered, in relation to the general welfare. There are few, indeed, who have not the power of doing something for the public good; but when private interest is made the ruling motive of action, the community suffers to the amount of the influence of those actuated by such avaricious and grovelling views. When the God of mammon shall have been expelled from our dominions, we shall awake to the high responsibility resting upon all in this land of civil and religious freedom: then will the immutable principles of truth and justice be fully disseminated; understood and established; then shall we see the chains thrown off which now holds so large a portion of the human race in intellectual bondage;—the spirit of liberty will be diffused over every part of the habitable globe, and man shall come forth in grandeur and glory, rising into the original dignity and perfection of his first creation.

Baltimore Young Men's paper.

RIDICULE.

We are by far too thoughtless in the use of this weapon, for it is a two edged sword that wounds whenever it is lifted, no matter how playfully the holder may wield it. The apparent indifference with which persons receive these trifling thrusts, makes us imagine that they never suffer their feelings to be affected in the least, as if feeling were under the control of judgment; but it is by no means the case,—the necessity there is for receiving, with a smile of carelessness, what all around would censure the recipient for taking in any other way, makes it binding in good fellowship to bear the sting in silence.

Many persons amuse themselves by endeavoring to throw the laugh on a friend; yet they never think for a moment that they are wounding that friend, and giving him cause for sober reflections hours after in the loneliness of his own chamber. Numerous breaches in good feeling have thus been innocently made; and many an individual has been rendered unpleasantly situated for hours by the thoughtless bantering and laughing ridicule of one who would have sacrificed life rather than wound him.

The reason why jesting is always felt by the person who is jested with, is because he knows

from experience that there is always a conviction in the jester's mind that what he utters is truth. Let any one think on this subject for a moment and he will be convinced that he never ridicules his friend, however playfully and good humouredly it is done, that he does not do so in relation to some foible or peculiarity which, in more serious moments, he had detected or observed.—*Ibid.*

HOPE.

A jilting hussy is hope,—forever playing upon us her merry pranks, regardless of the disappointments which she strews in thorns along our path. Her wings are light as the gossamer yet the showers never hang their heavy drops there, and when the clouds pass away, the sunshine lights upon them, calling into existence as many rainbow hues as ever, and deceiving the eye and mocking the heart with promised enjoyment.—*Ibid.*

The death of Miss Harriot O. Ayer, aged 12, a member of the Concord Literary Institution, which took place on the day succeeding the festivities of the May-day celebration, which she had fondly hoped to attend, with her mother's, who died soon after, gave rise to the following hymn. It was sung at the close of the quarterday exercises on Friday last.

1st Solo.

O'er a daughter's early tomb,
See her parents bending,
Mid the Churchyard's evening gloom
See their tears descending.

At a schoolmate's early death,
See associates weeping;
While the festive garlands wreath,
O'er each brow is creeping.

She had hoped to join the song
We now raise, when parting;
Health, and strength, and youth beat strong,
Not a tear was starting.

Hark! hark! she seems to say—
As she views this parting day—

2nd Solo.

"Mourn not at my early death—
"The grave hath not enchained me;
"She whom best I loved on earth,
"In Heaven, has since rejoined me.

"Parents, shed no more your tears,
"Brothers, sisters, wipe your tears,
"School companions, stay your tears,
"Heaven is my possession—
"Seek my happy portion."

Chorus.

We can but mourn when youthful bloom
Lies withered in the grave.
Death has increased that heart-felt gloom,
Which parting hours must leave.

Yet we will hear that warning voice,
Which issues from her tomb—
We mourn, we weep, but still rejoice;
In heaven her youth will bloom.

FRIENDSHIP.

Original.

Tho' time should remove us
From this far away;
Tho' friends should forsake us,
Tho' spirits decay,
We're still to each other
A Sister and Brother,
And nothing shall sever the tie;
Tho' fortune forsake us,
And poverty 'take us,
We'll love and love on till we die. *Eliza.*



CONCORD, FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1835.

Edited by an Association of Gentlemen.

Rural Repository.—This is the title of a very neat and ably conducted periodical, published semi monthly, by William B. Stoddard, Hudson N. Y., devoted to "Polite Literature, such as moral and sentimental Tales, Biography, Travelling Sketches, Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Anecdotes, &c." "The *twelfth* volume will be commenced on the 13th of June next, at the low rate of *one dollar* per annum, *in advance.*" Subscriptions received at this office, where specimens may be seen.

The Gem and Ladies Amulet, devoted to Literature and the Arts, Published at Rochester, N. Y. is well filled with useful and interesting matter, and richly deserves the patronage of an enlightened community. It is issued every other Saturday, at one dollar per annum in advance.

The annual examination of the Military Academy at West Point, will commence on Monday, June 1st. Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch of Boston, Hon. George M. Dallas of Philadelphia, the Right Rev. Bishop Otey of Tennessee, and Col. Samuel Collins of Deerfield, in this State are among the gentlemen invited by the Secretary of War to attend.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser has sailed for Europe with the intention of furnishing the result of his observations in that country for that paper.

The Convention at Baltimore has nominated Mr. Van Buren for President, and Col. R. M. Johnson for Vice President.

Clerical Longevity.—The American Quarterly Register for April, gives a List of the Congregational and Presbyterian Ministers who have been settled in the County of Essex Mass. and, so far as could be collected, the dates of their birth, settlement, resignation, and death, with the place of their nativity, the colleges where educated and their several ages. The whole number of ordinations and installations in the county is 348. The age of 191 deceased clergymen is given. 34 of them were between 80 and 90 years of age; 2 between 90 and 100; and 2 of 100, or upwards. The average age is more than 63 years and four months. Of those born since 1750 the age of 37 who have died is given; and the average of their life was but a fraction over 50 years.—*Exeter News Letter.*

By private advices received at New Orleans on the 5th inst. it appears that the revolution in Mexico is assuming a serious aspect.—There is much hostile preparation between Santa Anna and Alvarez. Several of the States had declared in favor of the latter, and the former had assumed the command of the army and gone to Tampico.

The ship Plymouth, Capt. Crocker, arrived at Boston on Tuesday last, bringing Liverpool papers to the 21st, and London to the 19th, both inclusive. A London paper of the evening of the 19th, states that the American Indemnity Bill was still under discussion, but the general opinion was that the money would be voted.

The rumors that Chief Justice Marshall is ill are probably unfounded. The National Intelligencer states on the authority of a late letter from Richmond that he was in good health, taking his accustomed walk of half a mile from his residence.

Capt. Doyles of the brig Elm, at New York, from Guayama, P. R. states that a report was current at the time of his sailing, of fourteen plantations having been destroyed by fire at Santa Cruz.

There has entered at the Custom House in Boston for the last thirty days, 166 vessels from foreign ports. It is believed this is the largest number that ever entered during the same period of time.

Henry L. Elsworth, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been appointed Superintendent of the Patent Office at Washington. Mr E. was recently elected Mayor of the city of Hartford.

The cholera is again visiting some of the towns on the Mississippi. Three cases have recently occurred at Natches and several at New Orleans.

Green Peas are selling in Norfolk market, at six dollars per bushel! Strawberries have just made their appearance there.

An American smuggler, with tea, coffee and provisions, has been captured and carried into Liverpool, Nova Scotia, valued at \$4000.

Hilliard, Gray & Co. are about issuing from the press the writings of Dr. Franklin, entire, in seven volumes.

POETRY.

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

By Wm. C. Bryant.

Ay, this is freedom, these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke:
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me, where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair Savannas know
 No barriers in the bloomy grass;
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
 In pastures, measureless as air,
 The bison is my noble game;
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
 From the long line of weaving sedge;
 The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
 In vain the she-wolf stands at the bay;
 The brindled catamount, that lies
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,
 Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way,
 Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
 Of vines, as huge and old and gray!
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frost winds sere
 The heavy herbage of the ground,
 Gathers his annual harvest here,
 With roaring like the battle's sound,
 And train's of smoke that heavenward tower,
 And streaming flames that sweep the plain,
 Fierce as if kindled to devour
 Earth to the well-springs of the main.

Here, from the dim woods, the aged past
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold
 The boundless future in the vast
 And lonely river, seaward rolled.
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
 And trains its bordering vines, whose blue
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
 I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes,
 That welcome my return at night.

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

Tell him I love him yet
 As in that joyous time!
 Tell him I ne'er forget—
 Though memory now be crime!

Tell him when fades the light
 Upon the earth and sea,
 I dream of him by night—
 He must not dream of me!

Tell him to go where Fame
 Looks proudly on the brave,
 And win a glorious name
 By deeds on land and wave.

Green, green upon his brow
 The laurel wreath shall be—
 Although the laurel now
 Must not be shared with me!

Tell him to smile again
 In pleasure's dazzling throng—
 To wear another's chain—
 To praise another's song!

Before the loveliest there
 I'd have him bend the knee,
 And breathe to her the prayer
 He used to breathe to me!

Tell him that, day by day,
 Life looks to me more dim—
 I falter when I pray,
 Although I pray for him.

And bid him when I die
 Come to our favorite tree—
 I shall not hear him sigh—
 Then let him sigh for me!

N. Y. Mirror.

MISCELLANY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love.
 What is so pure? The patriot expects fame,
 the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure.
 Even religion, while she waters her faith with
 tears, looks forward to the best fruit of her
 labors and her love. But maternal affection
 springs from the breast, uninvoked by the
 wand of hope, unadulterated by the touch of
 interest. Its objects are the weak and woful.
 It haunts the cradle of infantile pain, or hovers
 near the couch of the faint and the forsaken.
 Its sweetest smiles break through the
 clouds of misfortune, and its gentlest tones rise
 amid the sighs of suffering and of sorrow. It
 is a limpid and lovely flow of feeling, which
 gushes from the fountain head of purity; and
 courses the heart, through selfish designs and
 sordid passions, unmingling and unsullied.
 What is so firm? Time and misfortune, pen-
 ury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may
 roll their dark waves successively over it—and
 still it smiles unchanged; or the more potent
 allurements of fortune, opulence and pride,
 power and splendor, may woo her—and yet
 she is unmoved;—A mother 'loves and loves
 forever.'

GRAVE OF A STRANGER.

The grave of a stranger is holy ground. It
 is not so, because his hopes are gone—the
 friends who doated on him are disconsolate—
 or because a female bends over his coffin, and
 watches the earth as it is thrown upon it. No

—this is not the reason; it would be difficult
 to explain why it is so. To witness the slow
 procession—a widow among strangers, laying
 her earthly hopes in a place remote from
 friends—the mourning kindness of neighbors,
 and to hear the condolence of piety—the
 blessing of an aged and venerable clergyman,
 asking the assistance and support of divine
 power; all these occurrences and scenes cannot
 but produce a solemn impression.

And there may be friends at a distance,
 wishing and hoping for happy tidings in rela-
 tion to his health. The anxiety which is oc-
 casioned by sickness, cannot be confined by
 space. It is in the air; it looks on the stars,
 wishing them to tell what they know; it asks
 of the moon, 'is our friend better?' All this
 is easily conceived. But can the stars publish
 the truth? If the moon could transmit news,
 how many hearts would beat when it rises, and
 how many spirits sink ere it goes down!

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

One will be convinced of the inefficacy of
 capital punishment in restraining crime, by
 looking over the criminal code of England for
 several centuries past, and connecting with it
 the multitude of crimes, many of which are of
 the darkest dye, that are of almost daily oc-
 currence in that country. Sir William Black-
 stone observed in his time, that among the va-
 riety of crimes which men were daily liable to
 commit, no less than one hundred and sixty
 have been declared by act of Parliament, to
 be felonious, without benefit of clergy, or in
 other words, punishable with death. During
 the reign of Henry IV., it is stated that more
 persons were executed in England, for robber-
 ies and murders, in one year, than in France
 in seven; and during the reign of Henry VIII.,
 who was a great advocate of capital punish-
 ment, no less than 72,000 persons died by the
 hand of the public executioner—being at the
 rate of 2000 per annum! These sanguinary
 laws still exist, but do not tend to reform the
 morals of the people. Crimes are as frequent
 in England as in any part of the civilized
 world. The opinion is now rapidly gaining
 ground in that country, that capital punishment
 is an inadequate remedy, for crime; and there
 is a prospect that the sanguinary laws, dis-
 graceful to any civilized country, which have
 existed in England for many centuries, will ere
 long be repealed.

Sincerity is essential to our comforts in all
 our earthly connexions; without it there can
 be no reliance on confidence, or safety; nor
 can there be any certainty that other virtues
 have a firm footing in those who are evidently
 devoid of sincerity.

LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published every other Friday at No. 3, Hill's build-
 ing, third story, for 1 dollar per annum in advance.

Subscriptions received at the office of publication,
 also at the Bookstore of Horatio Hill, and of Marsh,
 Capen & Lyon.

Communications must be addressed, post paid, to
 the publisher.